

## House of Memories

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# House of Memories

by [fictional\\_letters](#)

## Summary

He sees the red under her nails, the way she moves without sound, the thin curtains that do little to hide the insanity in her eyes to anyone who cares enough to pay attention.

But he gets hit again, and she kills again.

He steps ever so closer to the volatile flames.

## Notes

Tfw you remember one (1) dabi x villain oc animation and then you end up with a whole ass fic that's not even about them

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*(If you're a lover, you should know*

*The lonely moments just get lonelier*

*The longer you're in love)*

The first time she returns, she sees it as a blessing. A wonderful, divine second chance.

She doesn't think that way anymore.

She doesn't like remembering. She doesn't like watching the monster arriving at her coming of age ceremony. She doesn't like time turning against her.

So when she dies by the second son's blade again and the clock begins to tick, she doesn't fight back.

She opens her eyes to the maid poking holes into her arms again. She snatches the needle from her and drives it into her skull.

Once she realizes what she has done, warm blood dripping from her hands, she laughs.

She laughs and laughs and laughs until someone walks in and screams, bringing the Eckart sons to come in and check.

She doesn't remember what happened after, but she wakes up again to the maid poking her arms again.

That's just the start.

*(I don't want to be afraid)*

She's good at killing, she discovers. The fact thrills her.

She takes her time with killing the staff. First the maid, then the chef. The butler took a while to get right, but she got it eventually.

Her next target is the knight who pushed her off the duchy walls, but curiously enough, he's already dead by the time she gets to him.

She's disappointed, and tells her escort as much.

He's as still as an ice statue as he replies, "I don't understand, my lady."

He is a former prince with a grudge against the empire that ravaged and ransacked his home.

She smiles a little too wide. "I hope you broke his legs at least!"

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He is beaten by the duchy's knight for breaking a wooden sword.

He's dead the same night, strangled to death.

"Just returning a favor," she says innocently when the news gets out. Her escort watches her much more closely after that.

There is something wrong with her.

He sees the red under her nails, the way she moves without sound, the thin curtains that do little to hide the insanity in her eyes to anyone who cares enough to pay attention.

But he gets hit again, and she kills again.

He steps ever so closer to the volatile flames.

*(The deeper that I go*

*It takes my breath away)*

If the flames burn, he doesn't feel it.

*(Is this taboo?)*

She's dressed in crimson red, as if she's wearing the blood of everyone she's killed and flaunting it to all the clueless people around them.

He holds his hand out for her. Without much thought, she takes it and they're dancing through the ballroom with every pair of eyes on them.

He spins her as he takes a glance at all the nobles present. He'll kill all of them. Slowly. And he'll burn their precious empire right before their eyes.

He looks away when her hair, glinting in under the chandelier, catches his eyes. It's the color of the sky at sunset, and her eyes begin to cloud with bloodlust.

He follows her gaze and sees the first son at the end of it, glaring darkly at them. What a sight they must look, a deranged woman and a slave-knight dancing together.

He hides a sneer, and suddenly takes her into a dip, delighting how red the bastard's face becomes in anger.

She knows what he's doing and plays along, pulling herself closer and placing her hand just a smidge more intimately on his chest. Her hand is cold but feels like fire on his skin through his clothes.

She has a smile on her face that comes before either a kiss or a slit throat.

Something begins to burn.



*(Soft hearts, electric souls*

*Heart to heart and eyes to eyes)*

They are not affectionate.

Instead, she drapes herself over his shoulders and obnoxiously complains about her chapped hands. Her sharp nails dig into his neck like she is stuck in the middle of a decision.

Sometimes, he grabs her wrists too tight with a near insatiable urge to kill her—she stares straight into his eyes with a wrong-looking smile fixed on her face—and he never really gets around to it.

Instead, he pulls her in to rest his chin on her head as she laughs and giggles at random intervals. Sometimes, she screams.

Sometimes, she cries.

*(Is this taboo?)*

It's when he kills the first son in front of her and presents her with his corpse that she drags his face down to meet her lips.

She kisses him until they can't breathe.

He is burning.

His hand takes her by the waist, and the other, drenched with blood, grips the back of her head. It gets in her hair.

They taste metal and poison in their mouths.

*(Baby, we built this house on memories*

*Take my picture now, shake it 'til you see it)*

They set fire to the duchy.

She kills anyone who tries to escape, and he drags out the rest of the Eckarts.

They are horrified. They plead. They curse.

He smiles—not like her—calmly. Many forget that even a mad dog knows how to bite.

*(And when your fantasies become your legacy*

*Promise me a place*

*In your house of memories)*

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The clock turns. She wakes up with needles in her arms and *burns*.

## End Notes

Yeah they probably ended up killing each other, but hey!

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